The Bremerton Sun

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Is the 'Golden Door' Closed?

Back 50 years or more ago, a colossal statue, gift of the Republic of France, rose at New York's ocean gateway.

The Republic of France is no more, having only recently become the French State. The statue still stands, Liberty, they called her, "Liberty Enlightening the World," with a brave torch raised against darkness.

For that dedication a poem was read. Its words had been inscribed on the monument. They were by Emma Lazarus, and the last lines read:

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:
"I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

They came freely, for many years, those men and women disillusioned and disheartened with the Old World, to seek new homes and a better life in the New. They were for decades new blood that freshened and invigorated the life of the growing republic. Times changed. The stream was regulated, reduced. Then came evil times even to the New World, and the stream dropped to a trickle.

War convulsed Europe, and certain minorities of race and politics have now become homeless wanderers in Europe, wanted at home only as fodder for revengeful rifles, unwanted and burdensome in temporary haven abroad. Their state becomes progressively more desperate as country after country falls before the invaders. Many earnest efforts have been made to bring them to the New World. Mexico has taken many, especially those closely tied to her speech and culture. The dominican republic, Cuba, and other western countries have humanely helped. The U. S. has not done what its resources, population, and traditions might suggest.

One of the reasons may be that most of the efforts to bring in refugees have been privately backed by political, social, or racial groups whose interest is presumed by many to be special rather than general. Naturally, the U. S. does not want immigrants selected by groups and subgroups with special interests in mind. It wants immigrants selected by its own government with national interests only in mind. But only the special groups seem active in the matter, people generally remain indifferent or hostile, thinking of unemployment and their own jobs.

The government has just rejected a plea from France that thousands of refugees there from Luxembourg, Belgium and Germany be received here. The government, probably quite properly, suggested that France first release 3,500 refugees who already have American visas, but who in the tangle between France and Germany cannot get exit permits. Between indifference and red tape, people are perishing.

For one reason or another, Liberty may still lift her lamp beside the golden door, but the door is almost closed.

We Haven't Got It All—Yet

The U. S. now has 80 per cent of all the monetary gold in the world.

As long as that condition persists, it is idle to expect that the world can possibly get back to the old ways of trade and commerce. The old-fashioned use of gold in international dealings has been something like this: Country A buys $10,000,000 worth of goods from Country B; sells it only $9,000,000 worth. Country A must pay the odd million (unfavorable balance of trade) in money. The only internationally-accepted money has been gold or cash measured in terms of gold.

That game implies that all trading countries must have some gold, or some way to get it, by mining or exchange. With the U. S. in possession of 80 per cent of it, the near-impossibility of settling international balances with gold in the old way becomes clear.

The man who can figure out a way to distribute some of this gold, getting value received for it at the same time, ought to be given a (gold) medal.

The Bullet-Proof Vest

Capital Comment

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Separation of powers in government as provided by the constitution—into legislative powers, executive powers, and judicial powers—the solicitor of the department of agriculture officially has divided the secretary of agriculture, is obsolete. Today, with "executive" agencies performing both rule-making or 'executive' functions, and determination of 'judicial' functions, only the spirit of the doctrine remains. As a blueprint of the organizational structure of an aggressive government, it has all but disappeared in the dim mists of the past." The metaphors are somewhat mixed, but the meaning is clear.

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Man-hours are being used to measure the defense effort in general terms. The present defense effort is thus calculated in official quarters to require nine billion man-hours of work. Another calculation, which is a bit more understandable, puts the requirement at 4,500,000 man-years—or the work of 4,500,000 for one year, or half of that number for two years. These figures seem to be in terms of direct labor. The clerical force to do the paper work might run to 200,000 more.

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Illegal taxes cannot be recovered from the government, a federal court has just reminded a baker who had reimbursed a miller for $1.38 a barrel in processing taxes on many barrels of flour. Phrases left ringing in the baker's ears included, "The recovery of illegally paid taxes is solely a matter of governmental grace." "As the state taketh away, so it giveth back, and all we can do about it is bless the name of the state and hope for the best." Quite evidently, there is some reversion to the theories of sovereignty that prevailed in the Middle Ages.

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Increasing public interest in sports is bringing about a larger American consumption of leather. More persons of both sexes and of all age groups are now participating in some form of athletic activity, and leather goods has an important place in the sports clothing industry.

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Official estimates of the 1940-41 Argentine grain crops indicate more than a 100 per cent increase in bread grain production. The prospective large export surplus available for 1941 is expected to add measurably to storage troubles of the Argentine government, unless present world conditions change materially. Some Argentine wheat will be taken by the United Kingdom, but the only remaining outlet is Brazil which has only moderate import requirements.

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Alaska, with a gold production last year of $25,375,000, set a record which passed even the great gold rush days. The total gold production in Alaska, from the beginning of recorded mining in 1880, 13 years after the territory was purchased, has amounted to $561,311,000. Besides gold, Alaska produces platinum, tin antimony, coal and quicksilver.

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Those interested in the functions and activities of the national defense advisory commission can now obtain a pamphlet issued by the commission answering numerous requests for information. One section of the pamphlet defines the duties of each of the commissioners and other officials. Another summarizes the commission's operations.

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Contrary to the trend shown in imports of most specialty products, shipments of foreign made watches and parts to the U. S. have increased since the war began. Much of this increase is reported to have been for the building up of stocks. Watch dealers have wanted to increase inventories because of the uncertainty of future supplies. Most imported watches and parts come from Switzerland.

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Free admissions to movies or similar theatres given to men in the armed forces, boys in the civilian conservation corps, and other persons to whom theatres want to show courtesies are not recorded by the government in connection with the federal tax on admissions. In such money matters the government is not philanthropically disposed. The bureau of internal revenue has ruled it has no alternative and must insist upon payment of the same tax as if admission was paid.

Pointed Paragraphs

There are a lot of foreign slackers, European royalty, princes and potentates, and their idolators, who, instead of being wined and dined in high places in Washington and urging us to go to war, ought to be home fighting the battles for liberty and Christianity they so glibly tell us about.
—Sen. Burton K. Wheeler.

Hold Everything . . . . . by Josh

"Ah! A career woman!"

SHE WANTED Wings

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

A feud starts between Kay Falconer, girl flier, and Bill Wakeman, pilot for Intercoastal Airlines, after their planes nearly collide over the Burbank airport outside Los Angeles. When he belittles her flying ability, she determines to "show him" and decides to attempt a solo flight from Honolulu to the United States. He says she'll fail. Despite all this, it's plain that they are attracted to each other. In Honolulu, Kay is depressed when she doesn't hear from him. Her friend Patsy Lane, deciding he needs a jolt, tells the newspapers that Kay is engaged to Greg Dixon, her technical advisor. This angers Kay but, to save Dixon's feelings, she doesn't deny the story. When her flight fails, Wakeman gloats, making her all the more determined to get the best of him. Through pull, she obtains a job as copilot with Intercoastal. When he's assigned to train her, she enjoys his discomfiture, but the tables are soon turned when she finds how little she knows about flying a transport plane.

CHAPTER XXVII

KAY got into the pilot's seat.

Wakeman looked out the windshield, saw that fog was advancing.

"Take her to the end of the field," he ordered.

Kay gunned the motors, braked the left wheel, and the ship swung awkwardly. She tried the other brake with opposite but equally unsatisfactory results. The big ship rocked, swung clear across the runway.

"What—what's the matter?" she asked.

"Know all about the big fellows, don't you?" he replied.

"Why do you act like a little boy with a chip on his shoulder?" she countered.

"Why do you have to be so know-it-all?" he demanded.

"I don't want to be—you men make me just by thinking that I can't do anything," she confessed, suddenly. "Tell me what's the matter—"

"Very well," he agreed. He eyed the boiling fog bank. "I'll tell you. You're kicking around a plane which weighs about twelve tons. It responds slower to the propellers in getting started. Once you have it rolling it stops slower. You've been using your brakes all right on the turns, but you want to use the motors, too. If you're swinging left, gun the right motor. That'll boost you around."

"I forgot about having two motors."

He nodded, smiling at her confession.

"And now," he said, "suppose you get her into the air."

SHE eased back on the wheel after she'd judged she had enough flying speed, felt the ground leave her. Wakeman, pleased, shouted:

"Nice work. A little slow and steep if you had a full load."

He glanced at his watch. It was after five o'clock. Darkness was coming over the hills.

"Can I fly awhile?" Kay asked.

"Help yourself."

He pointed toward the west and northwest. She swung the ship as he indicated. She went over the mountains north of the valley.

After a while Wakeman looked back, saw the fog stealing over the valley. He watched until the white, foaming sea had blotted out the land behind it. He said:

"We'd better go back."

She made a wide, banking turn, headed back toward the coast, the blanket. She saw, too, that darkness had come on with startling suddenness.

"You'd better take over the controls, now," she said.

"You brought her out," he replied, sternly.

"I—I must take her in?" she faltered. "I've got to go to a cocktail party that Don Black has arranged in the Sky Room. It's to be a get-together with newspaper men. My engagement as co-pilot is to be announced. I'm due in a few minutes."

"I'm sure you can do it," said Wakeman, blandly.

Her jaw suddenly set in a straight line.

"All right. I will."

She advanced the throttles. In five minutes the fog had swallowed them.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"You'd better turn on your running lights," he suggested.

HER hands groped questioningly over the light panel, without results.

"I don't know how," she faltered.

He reached up, snapped several little buttons and grinned at her mounting discomfiture. He slipped on his earphones and transmitter, switched on the radio, said:

"Wakeman, special test flight, to Burbank."

"Burbank to Wakeman. Go ahead," he heard.

"What's the ceiling at the field?"

"Five hundred. Coming in? Watch out for Seventeen from San Diego."

"Okay," he said. He turned to Kay. "The ceiling's five hundred."

She sighed wearily. Her eyes revealed her helplessness.

"Knowing that doesn't seem to do me much good," she said. "I might as well give in. I can't get this plane down. Please don't gloat."

"Gloat?" he asked. "I don't get you."

"Ever since you've met me, you have been wanting me to admit that women can't fly—that they haven't any place in aviation—that they're washouts—that they can't take it. Well, you can make me say that now."

"I don't think I wanted to hear that," he said. "I wanted to see some of the cockiness get out of your system, I guess, Kay," he confessed. "You seemed to think flying a transport was a job for morons and children."

"I found out this afternoon I was wrong," she said.

"You'll admit you're wrong?" he asked, eagerly.

She nodded. Her eyes were misty at his approval.

"YOU'RE real, Kay," he said, earnestly. "I think you want to learn. I mean, you're serious about this transport thing, aren't you?"

"Of course," she said.

"All right!" he said enthusiastically. "Change seats with me. And I'll show you how to get in."

He rose, slipped into the left seat, took over the controls, plugged in his earphones and transmitter. He made a long, climbing turn.

"The first thing," he said, "is to get out of the fog."

He came through at three thousand, got his bearings, headed north, still climbing.

"I'm getting the 'A' on the Palmdale leg of the Saugus range," he said. He swung to the left in an easy curve. The letter came in stronger. Soon it was a steady hum. He was on the beam.

"Where are you heading?" she asked.

"Over the Saugus beam station—into the cone of silence," he said. "Get the point? You come in on the beam, and it isn't there any more, and you know you've arrived."

The ship sped onward. He watched his instruments. He banked in a half-circle, gradually losing altitude.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Swinging to the localizer beam."

She was silent for a minute.

"Say—what day's this?"

"Friday."

"Good heavens! Greg, Patsy and Clarke get in yesterday! I forgot all about it."

Bill's heart leaped. He hazarded:

"That's a nice way to treat the man you're going to marry."

She laughed.

"Greg? I'm not going to marry him."

He shot her a surprised look.

(To be continued)
(The characters in this serial are fictitious)

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The 'Round Towner By The Staff

Round town with the 'Round Towner: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schairer and son Bob, breakfasting at Tony's after church. Frank LaRoche reading the Sunday comics. Marie Gregoire walking homeward. Elinor Walker blushing. Mrs. Barbara Andrus busy at her typewriter. Carl Hayn leaving Brown's Drug. Claude Price walking to work. Ernie Anderson delivering groceries. H. B. Alexander on Montgomery ave. Frank Wallace entering Lentz's. Jim Roe driving toward his Lincoln ave. home. Wilfred W. Tucker driving a new car. Bud McFadden delivering unmentionables.

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OUT OF GAS

Of all the words that come to pass, the sorriest the chilliest, the most apologetic are these:

"I think we're out of gas."

They run down your spinal column like an icicle that has been dropped down a grade school girl's neck by a prankly boy. And as the motor sputs its last sputter those words assume full significance, chill, squirm-evoking significance.

"I think we're out of gas."

Caesar was stabbed.
Napoleon was exiled.
Lincoln was shot.
Tom Mix was wrecked.
France was conquered.
The motor is as dead as a vacation romance.
The tank is as empty as an election under Hitler.

The car seems as stationary as the great pyramid of Pharaoh Cheops, the immediate outlook is as blank as the Sphinx stare, the situation as eerie as the tomb of King Tutankhamen.

No explanation of the out-of-gas plight seems sufficient. No excuse is acceptable. You might as well climb sheepishly out of the car and proceed on foot down the highway towards the nearest service station, even if it is five miles away.

We write with experience, cause that's what we did yesterday.

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PINOCHLE CHAMP

The Sun staff is just barely able to live with one of its members this Monday morning. One of us claims a distinction which comes but once in a lifetime to a very few people, and loses no opportunity of collaring the others, one by one, and reviewing the whole unique incident.

Bob Heitzman, who keeps one of our linotypes rolling, and who is a pinochle player of sorts, at a card party Saturday night, melded 500 pinochle three times during the course of 20 hands. As if that were not enough good luck for one evening, his partner at one table melded 1000 aces, but to cap the evening, at the very next table Bob melded 1500 trump in hearts, for a total 20-hand score of 8,810. His only regret is that the game was the currently-popular brand known as "radio pinochle," in which four cards are passed to your partner after trump is named. But at that, it's something of a record to meld 1000 aces and 1500 trump, to say nothing of three double pinochles in a mere 20 hands.

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Pet peeves:

People who stand by, watching prosperity, and gloomily remark, "Sure, times are fine now—but just wait 'til this boom is over—then you'll really see a depression."

People who break traffic laws and yet criticize ily doctor and everyone else they've ever done business with, and then boast about putting so much a week "in the sock."

People who break traffic laws and yet criticize the police department for not being better staffed in order to keep people from doing the very things they are guilty of doing themselves.

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IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 27. — It's gonna be exciting for Lana Turner in NY. With plans carefully laid to meet Artie Shaw there, it now develops that Tony Martin will go east too . . . Mary Pickford and Samuel Goldwyn have patched up their fight . . . Randolph Scott and June Duprez are very warm for January.

The reason Marlene Dietrich isn't wearing her fabulous jewels is NOT, as printed elsewhere, because of superstition, but because the U. S. government is holding 'em, along with other baubles, until she pays thousands in that duty tax dispute . . . Eddie Cantor's dotter Marylin is studying for the theatah in NY — the only other Cantor to turn to the stage . . . As first itemed here, the Ruth Hussey-Raphael Hakim engagement is now official.

Hear tell "Lax" Whitney is using her own dough to finance the series of Westerns in which she'll star . . . Warners wants Bill Stern, the sports commentator, for a film based on his own life, but the deal may freeze because NBC insists that the movie soft pedals the leg injury that led to Stern's present career . . . Ha! Robert Shaw, who leaks so many pretties, has yet to play a screen romance.

There are no table lamps in a local millionaire-playboy's home today because he came home the other night, took his hunting rifle from the wall and "killed" every lamp, one by one! . . . Andy McLaglen (Vic's son), who had screen ambitions, has relinquished them to take a job in a plane factory.

Victor Moore's Beverly Hills home is for sale; he's building on Long Island and won't return to Hollywood.

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Of all Hollywood's celebrities, none has retained a saner perspective than Fred MacMurray — or, for that matter, there isn't one who finds more joy in deflating the absurd egos that infest our village. For instance, at Paramount today a half-dozen of the lot's top-so stars and Fred were lingering over a second cups of luncheon coffee. The talk drifted to autograph hunters, fan mail, etc., and each luncher told heart-rending stories about the price he pays for fame. Suddenly MacMurray stood, surveyed the group with a grin, and asked to be excused. "I think I'd better go to my dressing room," he said, "and answer my fan letter."

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MEMORIES: When I took a visiting blue-blood to meet Jean Harlow and found her, spattered with suds, giving her dog a bath.

When Norman Kerry peeled to his shorts for a midnight swim at lonely Capistrano Beach—and the tide carried his clothes away!

When Lulse Rainer, during an interview, tried to describe a mood, failed to find the words, and got her meaning across by playing Schubert's "Ave Maria" on a phonograph . . . When Howard Hughes, after tongue-lashing the "Hell's Angels" troupe for wasting time, "apologized" by buying everyone ice cream—and stopping production 30 minutes while they ate it. When Eric von Stroheim stormed out of the studio and stayed in hiding for three days because his bosses wouldn't release his picture, "Greed," in 60 reels (10 hours).

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HOLLYWOOD AFTER DARK: Bob Stack drawing envious glances—and a few ribbing remarks—at the Sunset Alleys as he helps Betty Grable remove her high-heeled pumps and don bowling shoes . . . Alfred Vanderbilt rushing from the Mocambo after receiving word by phone that one of his prize race horses is keeping a date with the stork . . . The audience at LA's Orpheum breaking into a storm of applause after British-star Gracie Fields rises in her box and sings "There Will Always Be An England" . . . Connie Bennett paying a midnight visit to her rummage shop to deliver a carload of articles collected from her friends, and to be sold for British War Relief.

What's Up Now?

I ED RYDER

By FRED HARMAN